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POEMS

BY

Lizzie Cross Peckham





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LOS ANGELES





LIZZIE CROSS PECKHAM

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Los Angeles, California
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BY

LIZZIE CROSS PECKHAM



To my children, this book
is affectionately dedicated.

LIZZIE CROSS PECKHAM.

California

L IKE a Queen in her might, how proudly she stands—

The fairest of daughters in Columbia's land;
Adorned with the richest of jewels so rare,
And pearls of great price are twined in her hair.
She has landscape whose beauty can ne'er be told,
And veins that are filled with the purest of gold;
She is fanned by the breeze of the ocean divine,
And kissed by the breath of the cedar and pine.
She drinks at the fountain of eternal youth,
And laves in the waters of wisdom and truth;
The oil of pure gladness she pours on the world,
For her banner of love she keeps it unfurled.
Her grand natural sights are so wondrously fair,
“It seems that the glory of God's resting there!”

Her great mountains and valleys and green
meadow land

Are freighted with treasure as the seashore has
sand.

She has enriched the world with her precious
store,

But like the loaves and fishes there are plenty
more;

Her sceptre she wields like a fair magic wand,
And sweet blossoms of hope spring over the land.
And Flora pays tribute with her fragrance so
sweet,

She lays rich gems each day in the year at her
feet;

“O, her blandishments woo with her skies of
soft blue,

And bright flower-gemmed carpet of emerald
hue.

This peerless creature the sun holds in caress,
While she spreads out her arms her subjects to
bless;

In beauty and grandeur she sits here in state,
And joyfully looks through the great Golden
Gate."

* * * *

"Beautiful Westland so picturesquely grand,
With lovely adorning from the Father's right
hand:

O, can there be in store any Paradise more
Than we have right here on this far Western
shore?

Then sweet Flora bear aloft your incense to the
sky,

We will twine garlands of roses for heaven is
nigh!"



The Battle of the Roses

A DELEGATION of flowers met in convention—

To elect a fair queen it was their intention—
In the shade of the trees, a sweet haven of rest,
Where soft zephyrs the cheeks of the flowers
caressed,
At the earliest dawn with their jewels yet on,
While birds of the wildwood were awakening to
song.

There were many aspired this great honor to win,
And their gayest attire they were all arrayed in.
A gallant Larkspur rang out a pretty Bluebell
The right time to come, Flora's kingdom to tell.
Tall Hollyhocks hurried on to get a front seat,
Dressed in bright flaming colors, thus hoping to
beat.

Old Bach'lor Button was sitting by Marigold;
Miss Columbine and Sweet Briar thought they
were bold.

There Mr. Sunflower sat by fair Marguerite,
With some demure little daisies, prim and so neat.
Perriwinkle said: "Look, there is old Dandelion,
Whispering his nonsense to the Misses Wood-
bine."

Now, all dressed in white, came the Misses Lily,
so pure;

Gladiola spoke up, "They will get the vote,
sure."

The Misses Iris were there, with Chrysanthemum,

And Johnny Jump-ups came with the Miss Red
Geranium.

The Misses Thistledown now kept up such a
flutter,

That Snowballs and Crocuses began to mutter:

“Just look at the Snapdragons with all their
hoods on

Sitting beside the stately Lady Washington;
And see, there is Mr. Cactus and some Old Man,
For Fuchsias are trying to get votes if they can.”

Now, old Cactus leaned over, his thistles stuck in
The shoulder of the right charming Miss Jessa-
mine;

The Tulips, they tittered, and Miss Hyacinth
laughed out;

The Chairman, Camelia, hammered his gavel
about.

Then a dear little Daisy arose to explain,
And a great Dahlia shouted the nominee’s name.

A star-eyed purple Pansy said: “I nominate
The California Poppy, the flower of State.”

Then sweet Miss Lilac, smiling, named fair
Heliotrope,

And China Aster sang out, “Carnations, we
hope.”

The Miss Jonquil, Miss Mignonette and Fever
Few

Said that they and Miss Phlox thought Miss
Poppy would do.

Sweet Violets and Buttercups said, "Our
vote goes

With the Forget-me-nots for the beautiful Rose."

Then Sweet William as one of the tellers was
named;

Mr. Oleander, as the other, proclaimed.

Now, the flowers worked hard, but Violet's
perfume

And Buttercup's shining ways won all in the
room.

Then the ballots were counted and it was found
That the beautiful Rose had won the bright
crown,

And that she by her sweetness was worthy to be
Crowned by all Flora's kingdom as her majesty.

Now, Morning Glories and the Ferns began dancing

With the Four O'Clocks, to sweet music entrancing;

Then they all joined hands and their sweet fragrance they blent,

And so a-whirling around the throne they all went.

The fair Roses in love then threw their sweet petals,

Which smilingly fell as pure snow in a battle.

They rollicked and frolicked in joyous confusion,

The Queen waved her scepter and said, in conclusion:

“Now, my dear loyal subjects, will you, one and all,

If I issue a summons respond to my call,

And one day of each year, in the springtime, will meet

And give of your beauty and sweet fragrance a
fete?"

"Our Most Gracious Sovereign, your good pleasure
is ours,
And long, long may you reign!" thus said those
sweet flowers.

"In the land of the olive, the fig and the vine,
We will come at your bidding and kneel at your
shrine."

Then they all sang in chorus—the air was sub-
lime—

"Where the forces of Nature all beauty combine,
The City of Angels, where the people are blest,
The sun kisses the earth and holds her in caress,
Where the orange trees bloom, and the birds
ever sing

Their glad notes of welcome, our tributes we'll
bring."

Los Angeles.

Flora's Tribute

WHAT means this great commotion ? All
nature seems a-whirr—
The air with perfume laden, creation all astir !
It's Flora's kingdom coming, her tributes now
to pay
In choicest floral offerings the Queen of lovely
May.
Flower trumpets are a-blowing, Canterbury
bells now ring
Out the glad tidings, and the mistletoe it swings
On the trees as they are bowing and swaying to
the breeze,
Which whispers in its gladness, "O joyful sounds
are these!"
The Mr. Palms, too, are waving, their happiness
to tell ;
And I hear a ding-a-ling—it is the wild bluebell.

The grasses green and rushes are laughing in
their glee,
And the clover blooms are tossing in sweetest
ecstacy.
It's at the early dawning; I hear a bugle call
From the herald, Sir Monk's Hood, to flowers
one and all,
To waken from their slumbers and keep their
jewels on.
The Larkspur Knights will help them the pro-
cession now to form.
They are coming from the wild woods, from
o'er dale and hills—
Cowslips and for-get-me-nots, and ferns from
shady rills.
The pond lilies I see sailing down the rippling
stream,
With their floral offerings they look like a poet's
dream.
Now dandelions and daisies from the green
meadows come,

And chariots of gold from the mustard blooms
are spun.
Fresh from their dewy beds come the Miss
Sweet Violets,
And star-eyed purple pansies and pretty mignon-
nettes.
Now, nodding in great splendor, are the Mr.
Pampas Plumes,
And carnations in their beauty waft spicy sweet
perfumes,
And joining in the frolic toss the locust free and
bold,
And riding in great splendor comes the rich
Miss Marigold.
Of swords I see a flashing—they look just like
green blades—
'Tis fleur-de-lis, with flags flying, keeping in line
the parade.
Exquisite are the roses, so gorgeously arrayed,
They're Queen of all the flowers in this gay
cavalcade.

Round them lovingly are twining cypress and
smilax,

And in royal robes of purple come the fragrant
Miss Lilacs.

Like a blaze of glory, as their petals now unfold,
Are California poppies as floats of purest gold.

Now come the Miss Geraniums, in raiment all so
bright,

And pure and saint-like callas, in dress of spot-
less white.

Now blow, ye bugles, blow! Ring out, ye joy
bells, ring!

The Floras they are coming their tributes now to
bring,

The rose in Eden's garden on this great festal day,
The fairest, sweetest blossoms to crown her
Queen of May.

To Sacramento's "May Queen," 19—.

Violets

O FLOWER divine, sweet violets,
As I pluck you from your dewy beds,
The dew, like sparkling diamonds, sets
A crown of glory around your heads.

O, lovely flower, you charm me so!
You are so modest, and yet so fair!
Please tell me your source, that I may go
And find such beauty as you now wear.

Like the tinkling of a silver bell,
I now hear a voice which thus replies:
“To you the secret I now will tell;
We are but God’s love in sweet disguise.

From the garden of immortal bloom,
He sends us as bright, winning wiles;
He breathes, and lo, there is sweet perfume,
For all blossoms are His loving smiles.

O, child of earth, do but look around!
Through nature's works He speaks to you.
In every leaf and flower is found
An object lesson, profound and true.

On the mountains grand, or in leafy glade,
In the babbling brook, or the ocean roar;
In meadow lands, or the forest shade,
Or the eagle which does proudly soar.

Then, but look again, and you will find
That flowers bloom but for mankind;
And the birds that sing on yonder tree,
Pour forth their song for you and me.

And the zephyrs which now fan your cheek,
Wafting sweet odors, so softly speak:
“ Say, Handmaiden of the Lord, awake!
Beautiful garments with love now make!
They will rest as light as pure swansdown;
And pearls you may have to deck your crown.

“ The beauty of which you so desire
You may attain by rising higher
In bright realms of thought, which are divine—
Mankind you will help then to refine.

“ Rich gems now in your pathway lie,
The luster of which can never die;
And the radiant sun for you will shine
And light your way to the heavenly mine.”

Now, the musical chimes of silvery bells,
Like a choir of angels, through space now swells;
And I stand entranced, when over me roll
Great floods of sunshine which bathe my soul.

While the fragrance of those violets fair,
Like heavenly incense, fills the air,
I breathe a prayer on the whispering breeze
That my heart may be filled with love like these.



Tahoe

O MIGHTY lake! O mystic sea! so peacefully
you rest,
As sweetly as a new-born babe upon its mother's
breast.
Six thousand feet above the sea in blissful calm
repose,
Fairer than the lily pure, or heart of sweetest
rose.
Cradled 'midst the odorous firs where gentle
zephyrs softly stir
The grand old pines, who in their might point
heavenward in their flight.

No artist can your beauty paint, no poet that can
tell
The wonders of that lovely scene beneath your
crystal dell.

Great granite walls like sentinels bold athwart
your waters stand,

As ancient battlements of old, and towering
mountains grand.

And wondrous mystery, sea of glass! they say
that it is true

That your depths no one can fathom of purest
azure blue.

And speckled trout in sportive play in beauty
there are seen,

Glinting along the livelong day in water emerald
green.

As fleecy clouds go sailing by like snowy palaces
on high,

They're mirrored in your lovely face as perfect
images of grace.

And all the rainbow's brilliant hues you sweetly
do disclose,

From the brightest royal purple to the pinkest
of the rose.

As the sun in all its splendor sinks behind the western hills

It leaves its radiance on your face—our heart with rapture thrills.

As shifting lights and shadows fall, new beauty then unfurls,

Sapphire, mingling with the blue, it's a sea of glimmering pearls. •

And on your waters now I glide, as on a summer sea,

I trust my Father thus to guide me to immortality.

He holds these waters in His hand, Jehovah is His name,

A symbol of the Promised Land, His goodness now proclaim.

Bright Jewels

| T matters not how long we stay,
Here in this house of earthly clay,
If we but live along the line
Of pure and holy thought divine.

It matters much how here we live,
Each act, each word, and thought we give
Will be written in the book on high,
And we will read it by and by.

It matters not if we have fame,
Or worldly riches we can claim;
Or rear our palaces so high,
The spires seem to touch the sky.
We know inevitably they must
Crumble in time and go to dust.

Then let's build a mansion with our might,
Based on mercy, justice, truth and right;
Adorned with pearls we know are pure,
Then the foundation will be sure.

Bright gems of faith, hope, love and cheer,
And all the graces we hold dear.

Then in our hearts will be a song,
Our neighbor we could never wrong,
Or try to drive him to the wall,
By tricks of trade however small.
We will not strive for needless gain
When we live on that heavenly plane.

For we would knock and go within,
Where kings would gladly enter in;
The atmosphere so pure and calm,
And laden with such precious balm—
Each one would be to each other
As brother should be to a brother.

Falling Leaves

THE leaves are falling one by one,
As though their life work here was done;
They came to us a gladsome thing,
A harbinger of early spring.

Each one with joy, it was untwirled,
A messenger of love unfurled
To weary man to do him good,
As oft he sought the sweet wildwood.

On mountains grand, or e'en a lane,
Perchance an oak on some drear plane,
Beside a brook, or in a glen,
Or near the busy haunts of men.

In living beauty they abide,
The heart of man so satisfied
To rest beneath their lovely shade,
In forest dense, or leafy glade.

But autumn with its mellow light,
Has painted up their garments bright
As satin damask, velveteen,
Or golden shades of silken sheen;

Borrowing from a sky of blues,
Tints to mix with scarlet hues.
With such varied shapes and colors pure,
No man could fashion them, I'm sure!

And now the spirits of the air,
Frolic among the leaves so fair;
While shaking them from parent stem,
Methinks they whisper love to them.

And so they're softly falling down,
Seer and yellow shades of brown.
The evergreens look on and smile,
To see them tumble down the while.

But not one of them will e'er be lost,
As in the infinite lap they're tost-
And folded to their mother's breast.
Confidingly they sink to rest,
And in new forms of loveliness,
They'll come again our souls to bless!



King of Kings

“The Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want.”

—Psalm 23: 1.

RING out, sweet chimes, at Christmas tide ;
Ring joyfully, joyfully ring !
Ring praises to the crucified
One and crown Him the Lord, your King !
The One who died mankind to bless
And lift a world to righteousness.

This Lord of glory was forsaken ;
A crown of thorns by Him was worn.
The rabble on Him fiercely swore,
As for the world the cross He bore.

But Rose of Sharon, sweetest bloom,
Thou burst asunder from Thy tomb,
And joy peals forth from each glad bell,
The tidings far and near to tell !

O, Lamb of God, so cru'lly slain,
And by the Judas so betrayed,
Come in our hearts and ever reign,
For on love's altar we are laid.

"Ye are the branches, I the vine,"
In accents sweet these words He said.
"I am the Christ, the One divine;
I am the true and living bread.
The water of life to all I give;
Then drink and thus forever live!"

Good shepherd guard then well Thy sheep,
Thou art the everlasting way;
The door of life, then vigil keep,
Nor let one lamb e'er get astray.

O, Master, Lord; O, Prince of Peace,
Spirit of Truth, be ever near;
Let gladness reign, and sorrow cease,
Throughout the coming glad New Year.

Prince of the House of David true,
O, lily of the valley fair,
The pearly gates we would get through,
Then help us to our hearts prepare.

Thou'rt a pearl of great price we know,
And taught us happiness to find;
With kindest thoughts and hearts aglow,
To give our love to all mankind.

O, Rose of Sharon, sweetest bloom,
Angels guarded well thy tomb!
Thou'rt Alpha, and Omega, ah
The world cries out in loud huzza;
Jesus the Christ, with one acclaim,
Sweet anthems sound thy princely name.
With hosannas loud, the earth now rings,
O Lord of Hosts and King of Kings!

Angeline

THROUGH her spicy orange groves,
And avenues of palms she roves,
As royally her robes she trails,
There's not a living atom fails
Along through nature's grand highway,
To her the greatest homage pay!
Her banners wave from vernal trees,
Swayed by the gentle ocean breeze;
And songsters carol sweetest notes,
From out a million happy throats.
From her fields of radiant bloom,
Her breath comes laden with perfume;
With rosy light her face is flushed,
And for a moment my song is hushed—
My very pulses being stirred
By wordless praise from nature heard!

Los Angeles.

Santa Clara Valley

PURE as a lily, there is none fairer
Than this peerless one we call Santa Clara.
As I ramble around and her beauty discover,
I am lost in a maze, as a passionate lover,
With her mountains and canyons and meander-
ing streams—
They are as romantic as the poet's fond dreams.

Her highways suggestive of lover-like lanes, •
With their delightful shade, where sweet com-
fort reigns—
Reposing so peacefully, how sweetly she smiles!
This goddess of beauty as our hearts she be-
guiles,
For wherever we go there's a feast for the eyes,
A bright panorama, a gladsome surprise.

And the soft ocean breeze, as it whispers sweet
peace,

Kisses her fondly and gives of life a new lease.

Oh, she is charming and exquisitely fair,

With lilies and roses all twined in her hair!

In this garden of Eden sweet Flora holds sway,

And the flowers are blooming from May until
May.

At the touch of her fingers, and lo! it is found

That she is lovingly and gloriously crowned

With a bright mantle of pure living bloom,

Which wafts, as it were, a delicious perfume,

As though Paradise had come down here below

And showered its pearls as pure blossoms of snow.

The wand of a fairy she charmingly wields

Over her green meadows and beautiful fields;

Sometimes they're undulating like billows of
gold,

Then an emerald carpet before us unfold.

When the reapers appear and the sickle is used,
At the scene of enchantment we're freshly enthused,

For the richest of robes she always prepares,
So varied the tints of the garment she wears.

As the glow of her sun sets behind her green hills,
With its light and shadows, O my heart, how it thrills

At the vision of beauty, the picture of grace,
For Jehovah has revealed Himself on her face!

And here she sits proudly in blissful content,
In an ideal spot in this fair continent—

A jewel of promise, a pure sparkling gem; . . .
In this great western world a bright diadem!



Eschscholtzia

(Emblem of California)

MISS Poppy, you are so exceedingly fair,
A queen might envy you the raiment you
wear.
Do the seraphs come down from their blest
abodes,
And bedeck you all in those bright shining robes?

How happy you must be with the blue arch o'er
head,
And an emerald carpet on which you may tread.
Tell me, can you understand the unspoken word,
The whispers of love by which the leaves are all
stirred?

As the rosy light fades in the far golden west,
You fold your lovely robes and prepare for your
rest,

Softly rocked by the breezes so gently to sleep,
And methinks that the angels o'er you vigil
keep.

Oh, you must be refreshed by the dew as it falls;
Does the meadow-lark awaken you when she
calls

To her mate, who is singing in yonder oak tree,
In the fullness of his joy, so happy and free?

When old Sol in his glory is high in the skies,
Then you laughingly look up in happy surprise,
And spread out your beautiful bright golden
cups;

Then the humming bird from them their sweet
nectar sups.

Oh, you must be in love with these sweet country
sounds

With which the woods and meadows so richly
abound.

The frolicsome squirrels hide their nuts in the
trees,

And merrily chatter mid the droning of bees.

The modest wood-violet smiles out from its bed
At the robins that twitter in the boughs o'er
head.

With living goblets of gold the fields are ablaze,
As you rollick through them with your light
sunny ways.

And in a thousand tones of sweet wordless praise
Nature speaks out her joys through the bright
golden days.

The Snow Flower

ON top of the grand Sierra steeps,
The rippling brooklet softly creeps;
And caressingly the mosses twine
Around the cedars, firs and pine.
All is perfumed by balsams rare,
A holy calm is in the air.

My song is stilled—a gentle hush
Pervades all nature. In the underbrush .
Are fallen trees so brown and bare
As though for ages lying there.

And in a hollow log I look—
I see hidden in that quiet nook
The strangest flower growing there.
Angels must have it in their care.

The snow flower is the name it bears,
But a blood red dress it always wears.
It must have bathed in the crimson flood,
As an emblem of that precious blood
Which has been shed for you and me
By Christ, the Lord, on Calvary.



The Old Quartz Mill

Up in the grand Sierra Heights,
Where the cedar, fir, and pine,
Like giants of the mighty wood,
Point to the one divine;

Where the glory of the landscape
Sends through the soul a thrill,
There stands a relic of the past,
A little old quartz mill.

Through the canyons and the gorges
The wind whispers 'mong the pines—
It may be a sigh of sadness
At the passing of the mines.

As it views the mighty caverns
Where the hills were rent in twain,
And the rocks were hewn asunder
To get out the golden grain.

Reposing there so peacefully,
It's pond'rous wheel forever still,
That once ground out the precious ore,
Still stands the old quartz mill.

Dutch Flat.



Love

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these,
ye have done it unto me."—Matthew 25: 40.

O MEN and women weary and worn,
With an empty life and a vacant chair,
Let a true purpose in you be born;
Take some little one, your life to share,
And give it a measure of pure love,
Give to the children this love, sweet love. .

Go out in the slums and haunts of sin,
And gather some poor wanderer in,
And nestle it up with tender care—
One of God's children, you'll cherish there.
Then give it this love, Heaven-born love,
Give to the children this love, sweet love.

Down through the ages the seed will blow,
And multiply as the mustards grow;
When the Recording Angel the story's told,
You'll find you have treasure more precious than
gold.

Yes, treasure of love, beautiful love,
Born of the spirit in Heaven above,
Give to the children this love, sweet love.



Communing With Nature

I WAS lying in a hammock, one day in early June,
Communing with old Nature, with her my heart in tune;
The birds were singing gaily from their home amid the trees,
And peace and love was whispered by the cool and fragrant breeze;
The roses in royal splendor held up their loyely heads,
While violets, true and tender, smiled on me from their beds,
And over all was resting such a peaceful holy calm,
And the perfume from the flowers sank into my heart like balm.

When I raise my eyes above me to the blue
arch overhead,
Then gently dropping them, gazed on the green
sward which we tread,
And said, "Kind Nature, tell me, for I ne'er can
understand,
How you spread out all these beauties with such
a lavish hand."
Then she twined her arms about me, as though
angels did me kiss,
And in gentle mood she wooed me into uncon-
scious bliss.
As in her lap I rested, in such loving, kind repose,
I saw there, bending over me, a handsome,
queenly rose.
In a voice like rippling music, these words to me
she said:
"O child of immortality, this banquet's daily
spread
By One in great love to win you—to win a
world from sin—

And help you thus your hearts prepare His courts to enter in.

But in your heart, while yet on earth, His kingdom first must reign,

Then when you die, it is rebirth to a land where there's no pain."

Then violets joined the lilies fair,
And sweet hallelujahs rent the air.

All nature caught the sweet refrain,
"There'll be no pain, there'll be no pain,
For all is joy, all is love—all is love."

An echo came from above, "All is love."

I awoke; it was nothing new to me,
For where'er I look, whate'er I see,
It points to an immortality.

There's not a leaf or tiny flower,
A babbling brook or an April shower,
But the loving hand of God I see;
In all His works He smiles on me.

Christmas Bells

"The Christmas bells, how joyfully they will ring."

WILL they ring out all the sadness, will they
ring out all the wrong,
Will they ring in joy and gladness, with its free
and happy song?

In the book we have been writing, in the year
which has gone by,

Have we blotted much its pages, have we put our
hopes on high?

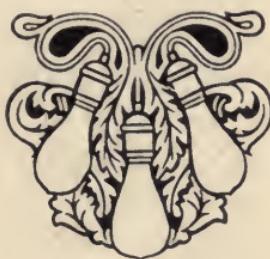
Have we tried to help the fallen, have we cleansed
ourselves within?

Have we pointed souls to heaven, tried to help
them from their sin?

Do you think we've made much progress toward
that city which is sure;

Where the flowers bloom immortal, and the
waters are most pure?
As we are going on to glory, and we think that it
is true,
For the gates ajar are standing, do you think
that we'll get through?
And that angels there will meet us, and give us a
guiding hand,
And the Lord himself will greet us, in that bright
and promised land?
Then give me your hand, my comrade, and
together we will go;
We will tread those paths of brightness, where
the fountains ever flow;
We will drink of living water, in green pastures
we will lie,
And live, my friend, forever, for the righteous
never die.
Then let's write our book in meekness, fill the
pages with our love,

In the New Year just before us, trust the one
that rules above;
At times we may be faint-hearted, and grow
weary by the way,
But the Lord of everlasting glory will help us
on through endless day.



The Origin of Flowers

A DREAM I will tell of the long ago,
When no flowers it seemed bloomed here
below,
Only a carpet of living green,
On this fair earth was to be seen.

In Heaven there was a bugle call,
The bright angels gathered one and all;
The Lord of Hosts had deputized
These seraphs in the starry skies
To some good plan to enter in,
The hearts of all the world to win.

An angel, with a harp in hand,
Said, "There's much good in all the land;
But they use too much selfishness,
And will not trust God's righteousness;
I think it is more love they need,
To do away with selfish greed."

Another with a happy smile,
Said, "Could we not their hearts beguile,
Put in their lives to cheer their hours
Beauty in the form of flowers?
Each one to be a smile from Heaven,
A loving thought which God had given."

"Flowers the Lord would breathe upon;
By the perfume they might be won.
Yes, let us send an angel child
To fill the world with sweetest smile,
Delight their hearts and charm their sense
With living forms of sweet incense."

These words caught up an echo then,
They loudly sang "Amen! Amen!"
And tuned their harps and struck their lyres,
The welkin rang with heavenly fires,
And sweet Hosannas they did sing
In praises to their heavenly king.

The Birth of the Flowers

BEFORE the break of the new born day,
While the world in peaceful slumber lay,
Barefoot, tripping through the woods so wild,
There came a beautiful angel child.

A halo of light around her head,
Illumined the path on which she tread;
Her eyes were like the violets blue,
Lightly she stepped through the morning dew,

When her happy smile and heart so light,
Turned the dew drops to pearls so bright,
That they sparkled as rich jewels rare,
Then bursting in bloom were flowers fair.

The air was filled with childish laughter,
And blossoms sprang up fast and faster;
Casting a fairy magical spell,
She painted the Poppies and Bluebell

With tints borrowed from the azure sky,
Hues of the rainbow were in her dye.
Sweet incense then came, for the Lord was nigh,
And breathed on the flowers as He passed by.

Her mission over, she ascended
To her home; bright angels attended
In a chariot of heavenly fire,
Singing songs of praise that angel choir.

Sweet melody floated on the breeze,
We hear it yet in the rustling leaves;
The birds caught up the strains sublime,
And ever since they have sung divine.

Now in meadow lands, o'er hill and dale,
On sunny slopes or in mossy vale, |
Sweet blossoms spring like a breath of love,
To win the world to a home above.

Precious Truth

OUR possibilities are so grand
They lie round us on every hand;
Like the sand on the great seashore,
We never could exhaust the store.

There is a source, a living spring,
Which we can tap at our own will,
And precious truths can from it bring
To fondest hopes in us instill.

As up the rugged steeps we climb
We may gather pearls which are sublime,
And some one might prove a brighter gem
Than ere graced a royal diadem.

A Noble Purpose

THIS book is on a mission bent,
On holy purpose is intent,
To help man have a true desire,
For all that's good to him inspire;
To get him from the greed of self,
So he can express his higher self.

And see but good in all mankind,
The holy spark in him to find,
And help to fan it into blaze,
By acts of love and words of praise,
And thus live on a noble plane,
Then life would not be lived in vain.

If to this we were all resolved,
The mighty problem would be solved
That's burning now the hearts of men,
An Eden we would live in then;
And we can prove this by the Word
That love is mightier than the sword.

LOS ANGELES



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